

DEC - JAN 196

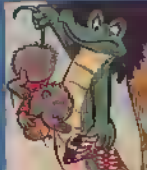
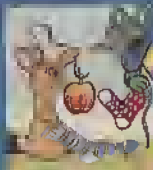
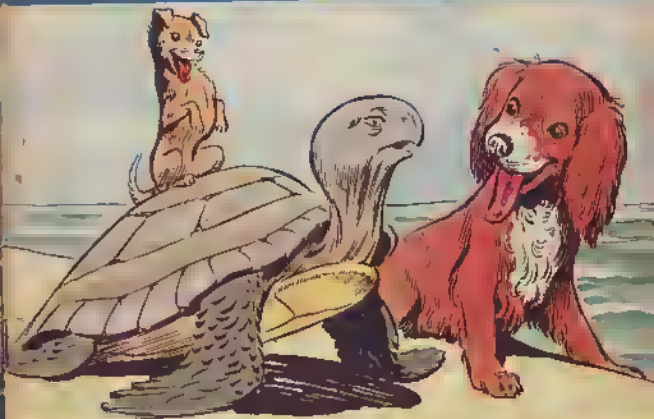
ANIMAL COMICS

UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

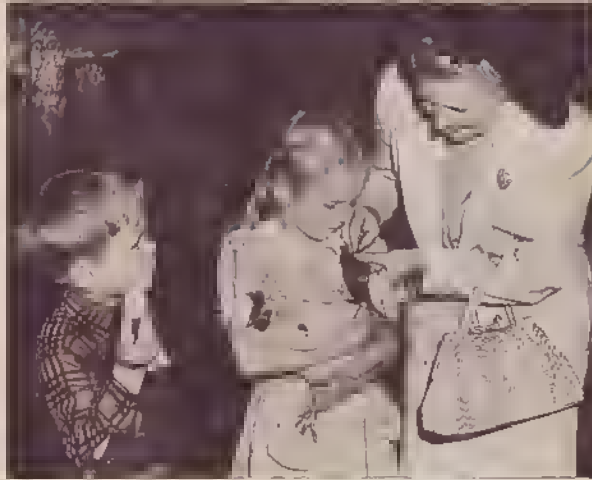
ROVER • JIGG •

ANIMAL PHOTOS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Walter W. McCracken, New York

Pegeen Fitzgerald of the popular WJZ—ABC breakfast hour team awards a first prize to little girl and her brother who entered this pet hen in a recent kids' pet show in which the Fitzgeralds (Ed and Pegeen) served as judges. Little brother holds egg which "Cluck-cluck" laid at show while waiting for judges to get around to see what fine feathers she had.

ROVER

by Dan Noonan



WELL, MIKE, WE MAY AS WELL GO ASHORE HERE FOR WATER AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG UP IN THE WAY OF ANY PROVISIONS - GETTING A LITTLE LOW NOW.



YOU KNOW, RED, IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO GET ASHORE - EVEN ON ONE OF THESE LITTLE KEES.



THERE'S PROBABLY WATER UP NEAR THOSE PALM TREES SOMEPLACE NICE.



A.C. #30-4712

HERE WE ARE! HOT DOG! FRESH WATER.



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MIKE, HOW ABOUT STAYING ASHORE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS. IT'LL BE A WELCOME CHANGE.

WE CAN 'BUILD A CAMP, RED.



GOOD THING WE SAVED THIS OLD SAIL - MAKES A GOOD TENT. WE CAN MAKE A LITTLE STONE OVEN.



THERE! WE ARE, MIKE! GOOD AS A HOUSE. WHAT'S UP WITH THE DOGS?

THEY'RE SURE BARKING!



MAYBE THEY'VE FOUND SOMETHING! YOU BETTER SEE.



HEY, RED, COME HERE - THEY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING!



WHY IT'S A TORTOISE! AND WHAT A WHOPPER!



WATCH IT NOW, MIKE -- AND WE'LL SEE
IF WE CAN TURN IT OVER. HE'LL BE
HELPLESS THEN.



HE'S A HEAVY DEVIL ISN'T HE. LOOK
OUT ROVER.



THERE HE IS! OVER ON V GEE WHIZ,
HIS BACK NOW AND WE
CAN'T MOVE --
GOOD DOGS.



MIKE, WE CAN PUT SOME
OF THIS TURTLE MEAT
IN THOSE JELLY JARS
ON THE BOAT AND KEEP
IT FOR THE TRIP.

IT DOES
TASTE GOOD,
RED.



YOU KNOW IT'S SORT OF NICE TO
BE ASHORE AGAIN, RED --

IT IS, MIKE -- THE SEA IS FINE BUT
THE SHORE HAS ITS POINTS.
WELL, TIME
FOR BED.



SHALL WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE
ISLAND -- SORT OF EXPLORE
A BIT, MIKE.

LET'S RED. IT'S
SUCH A NICE
MORNING.



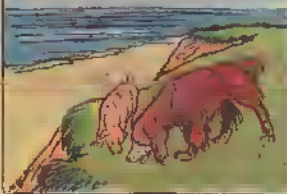
BOY, LOOK AT ROVER AND FEARLESS.
THEY REALLY LIKE THIS.



THE DOGS DID ENJOY
IT, ROMPING ACROSS THE
OPEN DUNE COUNTRY OF
THE ISLAND.



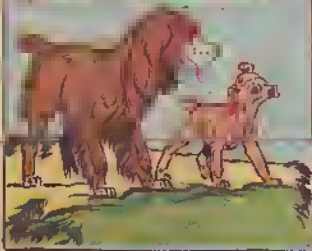
EXPLORING EACH NOOK
AND CRANNY



BARKING AT THE
GULLS



PAUSING ONLY TO FIND SOME
NEW INTERESTING THING AND
THEN OFF AGAIN.



WELL, I'D SPOSE
LIVED ON THESE LITTLE
ISLANDS, RED?

OH, NOBODY
MUCH, MIKE.
PIRATES USED TO
PUT IN ONCE IN
A WHILE, I GUESS.

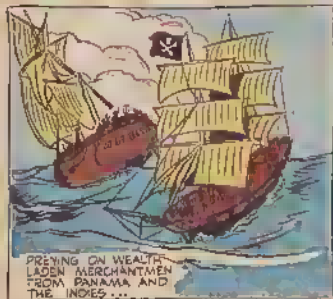


YOU MEAN REAL PIRATES ?

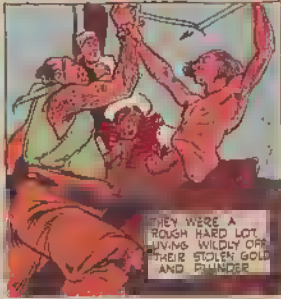
SURE, YOU SEE THE CARIBBEAN WAS THEIR HUNTING GROUND IN THOSE DAYS --



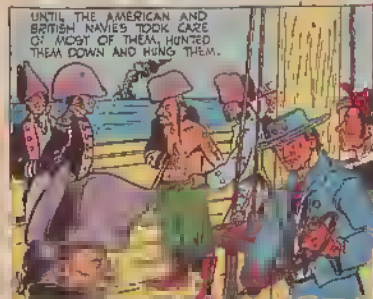
WHY THERE WAS SIR HENRY MORGAN AND CAPTAIN KIDD AND STEVE-BONNET ROVER -- ALL OF THEM SAILED DOWN HERE --



PREYING ON WEALTH-
LOADED MERCHANTMEN
FROM PANAMA AND
THE INDIES...



THEY WERE A
ROUGH HARD LOT,
LIVING WILDLY OFF
THEIR STOLEN GOLD
AND PLUNDER



UNTIL THE AMERICAN AND
BRITISH NAVIES TOOK CARE
OF MOST OF THEM, HUNTED
THEM DOWN AND HUNG THEM.

WOW! -- THOSE WERE THE
DAYS, WEREN'T THEY, RED?

WELL THEY WERE --
HELLO! WHAT'S ROVER
SARKING AT NOW?



WHAT'S UP
ROVER?

SAY -- LOOK AT THAT
TIMBER RED!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW, LOOKS LIKE
A MARKER, DOESN'T IT?

GEE, RED --
S'POSE IT'S A
PIRATE MARKER?



HUMM -- I DOUBT IT --
MOST LIKELY A SHIP'S
TIMBER --

SAY, LOOK
WHAT ROVER'S
GOT --!



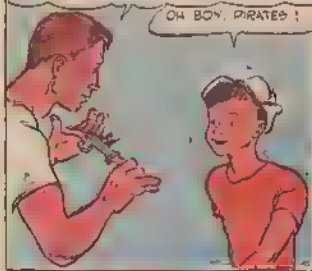
WHY, RED, IT LOOKS LIKE A PISTOL!

IT IS, MIKE, THE REMAINS
OF AN OLD FLINT LOCK
PISTOL.



MOST OF THE WOOD'S ROTTED AWAY --
BUT THE METAL PARTS ARE STILL SOUND.

OH BOY, PIRATES!



AND NOW LOOK -- ROVER AND
FEARLESS HAVE DUG UP SOMETHING
ELSE!

WELL, FOR -- A CUTLASS!
MIKE, WE ARE IN PIRATE
COUNTRY.



BOY, RED, I BET
THERE IS TREASURE
HERE.

WELL, THERE MIGHT BE
I'LL BET SOME OLD
BUCCANEER SWUNG
THIS THING ONCE OR
TWICE.



YOU SUPPOSE IF
WE DUG AROUND
HERE, RED, WE'D
FIND A CHEST?

WELL, I HATE TO
BE A WET BLANKET,
MIKE, BUT I DOUBT IF
THOSE BOYS SPENT
MORE THAN THEY HID.



BUT THEY DID BURY
SOME OF THEIR MONEY,
DIDN'T THEY? IN
CHESTS AND LIKE THAT.

WELL, PEOPLE
LIKE TO THINK
THEY DID —



MEANTHILE ROVER AND
FEARLESS WERE STILL BUSY.



FEARLESS SEEMED
HAVE DISCOVERED
SOMETHING — HE
THOUGHT —



AND SUDDENLY DOWN
CAVED THE LOOSE SAND
ON THE PUPPY.



WITH A LUNGE, ROVER TORE
INTO THE SAND TO RESCUE
HIS LITTLE FRIEND —



AND FINALLY BROUGHT FEARLESS
INTO THE OPEN — BUT —



SHAKING HIMSELF CLEAR,
ROVER DID THE NEXT BEST
THING, HE BARKED FOR HELP.



IN RESCUING FEARLESS,
ROVER HAD AGAIN UNDER-
MINED THE BANK —



DIG FAST MIKE,
THAT PUPPY IS
BURIED DEEP,
I THINK.

OH MY
GOSH,
FEARLESS!



WELL!
HERE
WE ARE,
YOU
LITTLE
RASCAL

RED!
HEY! LOOK
HERE!



A PIRATE
GUN !

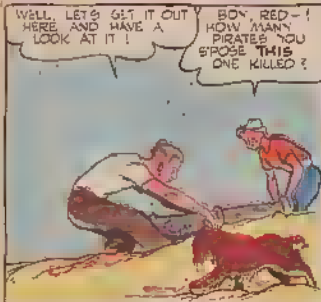


BY GEORGE, THAT'S
JUST WHAT IT IS,
MIKE - AN OLD
SWIVEL GUN - !



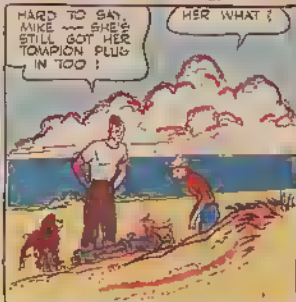
WELL, LET'S GET IT OUT
HERE, AND HAVE A
LOOK AT IT !

BOY, RED - !
HOW MANY
PIRATES YOU
S'POSE **THIS**
ONE KILLED ?

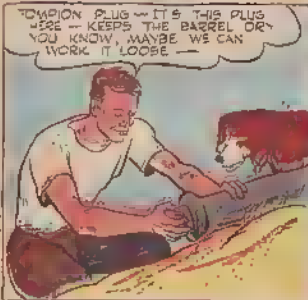


HARD TO SAY,
MIKE - SHE'S
STILL GOT HER
TOMPION PLUG
IN TOO !

HER WHAT ?

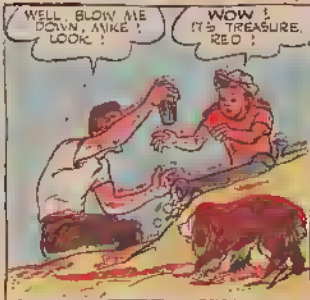


TOMPION PLUG - IT'S THIS PLUG
HERE - KEEPS THE BARREL ORY
YOU KNOW, MAYBE WE CAN
WORK IT LOOSE -



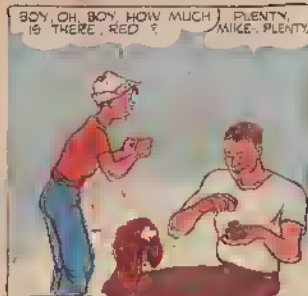
WELL, BLOW ME
DOWN, MIKE !
LOOK !

WOW !
IT'S TREASURE,
RED !



BOY, OH, BOY, HOW MUCH
IS THERE, RED ?

PLENTY,
MIKE. PLENTY.



- AND JUST ABOUT THE
RIGHT AMOUNT I'D
SAY TOO, MIKE !

FOR WHAT
RED - A
NEW BOAT
MAYBE ?



NO, MIKE - FOR SOMETHING
A LOT MORE IMPORTANT
THAN THAT ! FOR YOUR
SCHOOLING !

WHAT - !
ME ? WHY,
RED -



YES, MIKE - I'VE BEEN THINKING OF
IT FOR A LONG TIME - YOU KNOW
WE JUST CAN'T GO SAILING AROUND
FOREVER - AND ONE OF THESE DAYS
YOU'LL BE GROWN-UP, YOU KNOW -

BUT, RED -



I JUST CAN'T THINK
OF BEING WITHOUT YOU
AND ROVER AND
FEARLESS - WHY, RED -

WHY, MIKE,
WE'LL ALWAYS
BE FRIENDS.



- AND JUST THINK WHAT A SWELL
MEMORY ALL THIS WILL BE -
AND WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT -
YOU AND I AND ROVER AND
FEARLESS.



Jigg and Mooch

HEY, LOOKIT
- THAT GUY!

6 PIFF

WHAT'S HE
DOIN'?

LOOKS
LIKE HE'S
TRYNA
CATCH THAT
BUTTERFLY

WHAT'S HE PICKIN'
ON A L'L BUTTERFLY
FOR?

I DUNNO...
HE MUST BE
CRAZY

HE SURE IS
CRAZY!

I GUESS
HE'S HARMLESS
THOUGH

NOT TO BUTTERFLIES
HE AINT

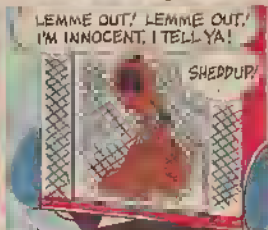
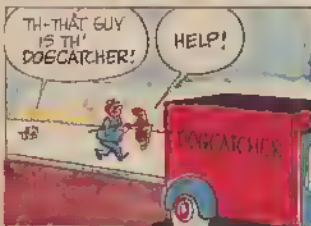
WELL...WE'RE
NOT BUTTERFLIES

GOSH, I'M SURE THANKFUL
FER THAT

WE GOT
NOTHIN'
TO WORRY
ABOUT

LOOK! -THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE OF THOSE GUYS!

HE LOOKS EVEN
CRAZIER THAN THE
OTHER GUY!



RELAX, BUD... DAT'S
WHAT DEY ALL
SAY

DIS IS
HIS FOIST
TIME I
BET

NOW WHERE DID TH T LITTLE
MUT GO?

I GOT TO HELP MOOCH...
I GOT TO FIGURE SOMETHIN'
OUT

YIP, YAP,
YAP, YAP,
YAP!

HA! THERE
YOU ARE

I HOPE
THIS'LL
WORK

IT'S
WORTH
TRYIN'

NOW IF I CN ONLY
FIND...

UH-OH... THERE
YOU ARE!

WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL,
PAL... JUS' FASSIN' BY

HE DOESN'T THINK I SAW
HIM DISAPPEAR
BEHIND THAT
CLUMP OF
BUSHES

GOTCHA!

OBOY, OBOY, OBOY! IT
WORKED! -

NOW TO GET BACK
TO THAT WAGON!

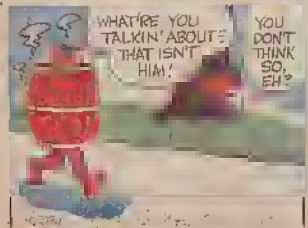
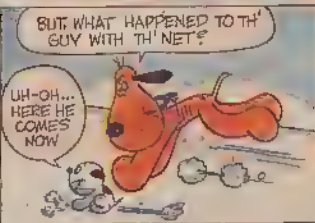
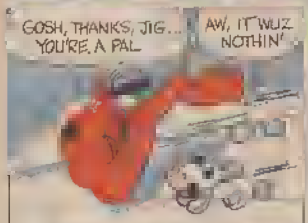
JIG! GET ME
OUT OF HERE!

I'M COMIN',
MOOCH

RELAX, PAL... YOU'RE
NOT GOIN' NO PLACE

I-I CAN'T OPEN
THAT DOOR BY
MYSELF

DO SOMETHIN'!



ALBERT and POGO

by WALT KELLY



OWL, YO' IS ALLUS COMPLAIN
BOUT DE FISHES YO MISSES..
WHY, AH IS MISSED MO' BIG
FISH DAN YO' IS EVEN SEE.



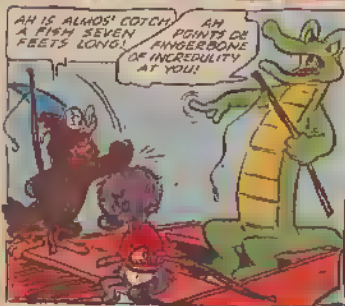
DASH A BALL
FACE FIB
OF DE FUST
WATER!

BY JINGY, AH IS DE
CHAMPEEN BIG FISH LOSER
OF DE SWAMPLAN... ONCE
AH ALMOS' CATCH A CATFISH
SIX FEET LONG.



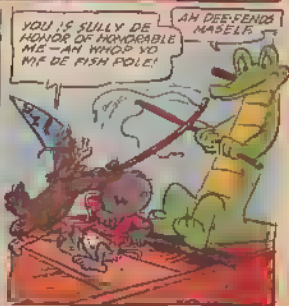
AH IS ALMOS' CATCH
A FISH SEVEN
FEET LONG!

AH
POINTS DE
FINGERBONE
OF INCREUDILITY
AT YOU!

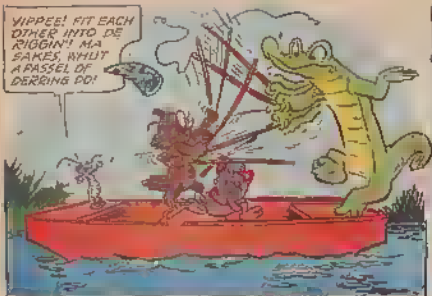


YOU IS SULLY DE
HONOR OF HONORABLE
ME—AH WHOP YO
WIF DE FISH POLE!

AH DEE-FENDS
HASELF



YIPPEE! FIT EACH
OTHER INTO DE
RIGGIN'! MA
SAKES, WHUT
A FASSEL OF
DERRING DO!



LAY OFF DE RASSELIN'
AH BEIN' WHOPPED TO
A CRIMPY!



EFFEN YO' DINT STEP ATWEEN
US, AH WOULD OF BEEN DE
UNDISPUTED CHAMPEEN,
UNDEFEATED, UNTIED AND
UNSCORND UPON.

YALL BETTER
SETTLE IT WIFOUT
BRUISIN' D5
PASSERS-BY

US WILL
HAVE A CONTEST
TO THRASH OUT
WHOM IS DE KING
OF DE BIG FISH
LOSERS

GREAT! EACH
OF YO' BETS A
LVL SUM LIKE
TWENTY-THUTTY
THOUSAND DOL-
LAHS... AH GITS
TO HOLE DE
MONEY-HOT
DOG!



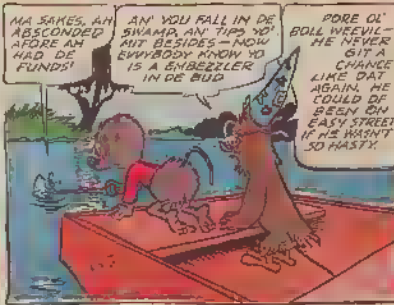
DEN AH RESH
OFF TO MEXICO!




MA SAKES, AH
ABSCONDED
AFORE AH
HAD DE
FUNDS!


AN' YOU FALL IN DE
SWAMP, AN' TIPS YO'
MUT BESIDES - NOW
EVVYBODY KNOW YO
IS A EMBEZZLER
IN DE BUD

PORE OL'
BOLL WEEVIL -
HE NEVER
GIT A
CHANCE
LIKE DAT
AGAIN. HE
COULD OF
BEEN ON
EASY STREET
IF HE WASN'T
SO HASTY.






US WILL PUSH DAN TO DRY
GROUNDS AN' RUN OFF DE
CONTEST... MEBBE US
COULD HAVE A PRIZE
OF A MILLYUM DOLLARS
OR EVEN A CHONKIT
CAKE.

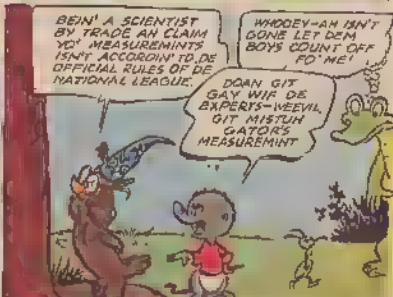


HOW AH WILL MARK ON DE
TREE DE MEASUREMINTS OF
DE FISHES YO' IS LOSE...
OWL, YO' FUST.

SEVEN FEET
LONG, HE
WAS.



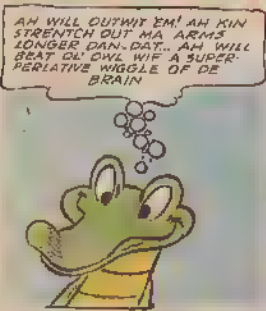
OKAY... MARK
OFF WHERE DE
SEVEN FEET
MARK GONE
BE, WEEVIL




BEIN' A SCIENTIST
BY TRADE AH CLAIM
YO' MEASUREMINTS
ISN'T ACCORDIN' TO DE
OFFICIAL RULES OF DE
NATIONAL LEAGUE.

WHOOEY-AH ISN'T
GONE LET DEM
BOYS COUNT OFF
FO' ME!

DON GIT
GAY WIF DE
EXPERTS-WEEVIL,
GIT MISTUH
GATOR'S
MEASUREMINT



AH WILL OUTWIT EM! AH KIN
STRENTCH OUT MA ARMS
LONGER DAN DAT... AH WILL
BEAT OL' OWL WIF A SUPER-
PERLATIVE WIGGLE OF DE
BRAIN



POGO WANT YO'
MEASUREMINTS,
ALBERT.

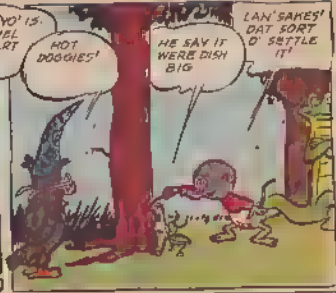
CERTAINLY, WEEVIL—
DAT FISH AH MISS WAS
DISH YERE BIG.



GOTTA KEEP
DISH YERE
MEASUREMINT
IN MIND

ALBERT, YO' IS
A NATCHEL
BORN SMART
HEAD!

HOT
DOGGIES!



HE SAY IT
WERE DISH
BIG

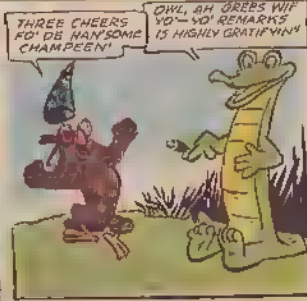
LAN'SAKES!
DAT SORT
O' SETTLE
IT!



HOORAY FO'
DE CHAMPEEN!

HOORAY!

AH ACCEPTS DE
PRAUDITS OF DE
MULTITUDE.



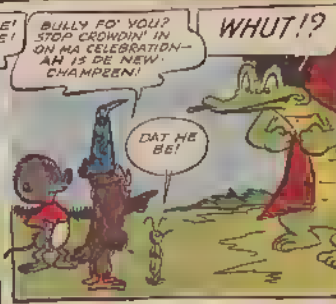
THREE CHEERS
FO' DE HAN'SOME
CHAMPEEN!

OWL, AH GREES WIF
YO'-YO' REMARKS
IS HIGHLY GRATIFYIN'



ALL HAIL DE
CONKERIN' HERO!
HUZZAH!

BULLY FO' ME!
BULLY FO' ME!
BULLY!



BULLY FO' YOU?
STOP CROWDIN' IN
ON MA CELEBRATION—
AH IS DE NEW
CHAMPEEN!

WHUT!?

DAT HE
BE!

AH CLAIMS A FOUL- YO' IS
SWINDLE ME- AH CHALLENGE
YO' TO A BIG FISH
HUSSIN' CONTEST.

SOMEBODY
HIT SOMEBODY.

US WILL BAKE A
CHUNKKIT CAKE
FO' DE WINNAH

AN IT BONE
BE ME!

AH KIN OUTMISS
YO' DE WORST OAY
AH EVAN CRAWL.

AH IS ALREADY
MISS A FOUR
FOOT CROPPY.

AH WILL JES' EASE
HASELF OVAN DE
SIDE AN' DO A LIL
UNNERKIVER
WORK.

NOW TO LOOK
UP DISH YERE
HEAVY JOE
DE PERCH.

H'LD DERG, FISH- YO' KNOWS
WHAR AT IS OL' HEAVY JOE?

IFFEN YO
WANT HIM
FO' SOCIAL
PURPOSES
AH WILL
TELL

MA VISIT IS PURE
SOCIAL- NO EATIN'
OF HIM.

HE DAT WAY- UNNEAR
OF DE BIG ROCK.

THANK
YOU.

COME ON OUT, HEAVY
JOE— AH GOT A
PROPOSITION FO' YO!



GIHME A HAND,
ALBERT, AH GITTIN'
A LITTLE PLUMP.

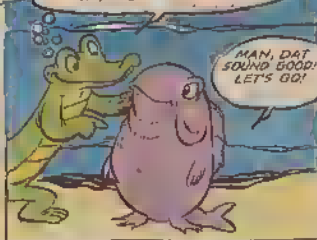
MAN, YO' GITTIN'
STUFFTER AND
STUFFTER



WHUT'S DE
PROBLEM,
ALBERT?

HEAVY JOE, YO' IS DE
ONLY FISH AH KNOWS
WIF A DOUBLE CHIN.

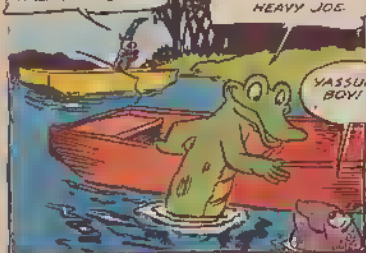
NOW, US GOT A CONTESTS GOIN'
UPSTAIRS—AN' IF YO HELPS
ME OUT YO' GITS HALF DE
PRIZE, A CHONKLEIT CAKE.

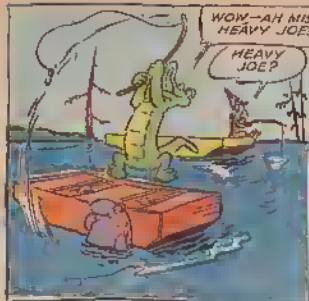


AH IS MISSED A FIVE FOOT
EEL AND A FIVE AND A
HALF FOOT BASS!

PSST—KEEP
OUTEN SIGHT—UNTIL
AH SAY DE WORD
HEAVY JOE.

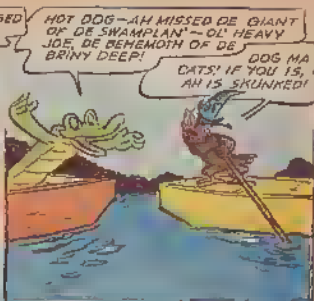
KEEP YO' EYE
ON DISH YERE
NOW, OWL.





WOW-AH MISSED
HEAVY JOE!

HEAVY
JOE?



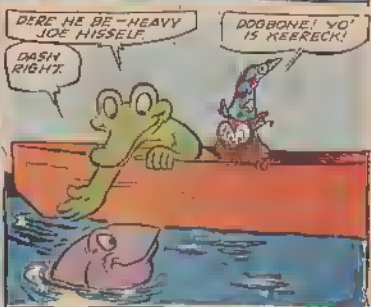
HOT DOG-AH MISSED DE GIANT
OF DE SWAMPLAN'-OL' HEAVY
JOE, DE BEHEMOTH OF DE
BRINY DEEP!

DOG MA
CATS! IF YOU IS,
AH IS SKUNKED!



HOWSUMEVAN, AH IS REQUIRE
PROOF.

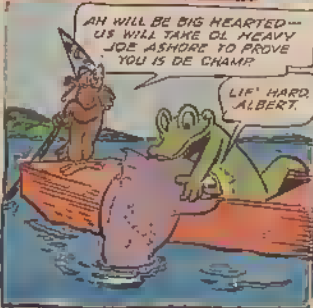
WIF PLEASURE
AN' GLADLY.



DERE HE BE-HEAVY
JOE HISSELF.

DASH
RIGHT.

DOGBONE! YO'
IS KEERECK!



AH WILL BE BIG HEARTED--
US WILL TAKE OL' HEAVY
JOE ASHORE TO PROVE
YOU IS DE CHAMP.

LIF' HARD
ALBERT.



MAN! HE IS A
HEAVY OL' THING,
ISN'T HE?

SHO' IS NICE OF
YO' TO POLE US
TO SHORE.

YASSUH,
OWL.

POGO. AH IS DE CHAMPEEN
O' HEAVY JOE COME ALONG
TO PROVE IT.

GOONNESS
ME!

SO YO'
GITS DE
PRIZE!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
DE PRIZE IS FO' DE
CHAMPEEN FISH LOSER!
AN' OL' ALBERT ISN'T
LOSE HEAVY JOE- OL'
JOE STILL
'YERE!

F'UM DE TONE OF HIS VOICE, SOUN'
LIKE DE MAN GOT A PEEVE.

MA SAKES,
IT SHD' DO!

AN' FUTHERMO, 'CORDIN'
TO LAW, TO WIT, VIZ
AND WHEREAS
DE PARTY OF
DE FUST-

SO AH IS OUTWITTED YO'..
ACTUAL AH IS STILL
DE CHAMPEEN.
YO' IS
MISINTERPRET
DE RULES!

OWL,
AH IS
WRONGED
YO'.

AH VACATES DE TITLE
IN FAVOR OF YO'.

LET'S GO
PLAY HOP FRAWG

YO' IS MET
YO' MASTER

DEY IS ET
MA CAKE!

US ALL ET IT!
AH DUNNO 'BOUT
LOSIN' FISH, BUT
YO' IS SHD' DE
CHAMPEEN CAKE
LOSER

SHE WAS
DEE- LISHUS!

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

by GAYLORD DU BOIS
Drawings by M. GOLLUB



HE MUST BE
GOING A MILE
A MINUTE,
CHARLEY.

WOW! LOOK
AT THAT COYOTE
RUN!

HE'S SURE HITIN' THE
BREEZE, RETE... BUT
I CAN MAKE HIM
GO FASTER... THIS WAY

OH BO-OY!
YOU DUSTED HIS
HEELS AND HE
JUST
DISAPPEARED.



CHARLEY, DID YOU
EVER SEE A DOG
THAT COULD
CATCH A
COYOTE?

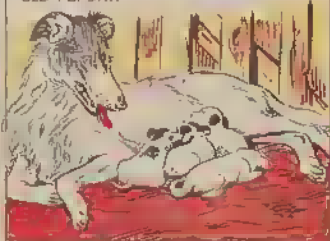
HMMM! YEAH, PAT, I DID
ONCE.. AND I RECKON I'LL
HAVE TIME TO TELL YOU
PART OF THE STORY,
ANYHOW, BEFORE WE
GET TO COTTONWOOD
CREEK.



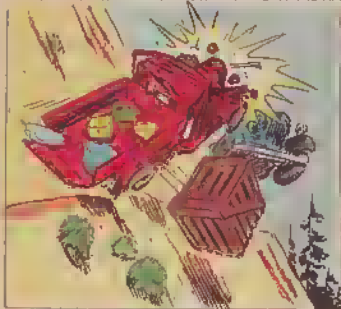
HIS NAME WAS **WHITE WIND**, AND HE
WAS RAISED BY A MOTHER COYOTE...
BUT I RECKON THAT'S
JUMPIN' OVER TOO
MANY FACTS.



WHITE WIND'S MOTHER WAS A RUSSIAN
WOLFHOUND, WHO'D BEEN BOUGHT BY
A RANCHER IN NEW MEXICO TO HUNT
COYOTES. SHE AND HER THREE-WEEKS-
OLD PUPS...



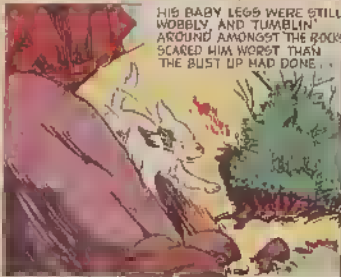
WERE TRAVELING BY TRUCK DOWN A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY, WHEN THERE CAME AN AWFUL CRASH, AND THEIR DOG CRATE WENT FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR



AFTER A WHILE A WHIMPERIN' WHITE PUPPY CRAWLED OUT OF THE BUSTED CRATE... HE WAS THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE AROUND THE WRECK.



WHEN NIGHT FELL AND HIS MOTHER DIDN'T COME TO FIND HIM, HE SAT DOWN AND CRIED HIS LITTLE HEART OUT



HIS BABY LEGS WERE STILL WOBBLY AND TUMBLIN' AROUND AMONGST THE ROCKS SCARED HIM WORST THAN THE BUST UP HAD DONE



SUDDENLY FROM AROUND A SAGE CLUMP CAME A HUNGRY BADGER! THE SIGHT OF THAT FAT HELPLESS PUPPY MADE HIS MEAN OLD MOUTH WATER



BUT OTHER EARS HAD HEARD THE PUPPY'S WHIMPERIN'...TO A CERTAIN MOTHER COYOTE IT SOUNDED LIKE THE BABIES SHE'D LOST TO THAT SAME BADGER TWO DAYS BACK



SHE LANDED ON OLD STRIPED FACE AND SLASHED HIS WICKED NOSE BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO COVER IT UP.



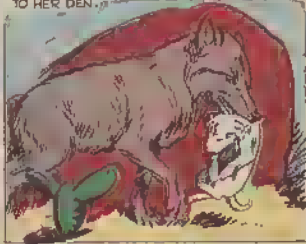
THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR MR. BADGER! HE CLEARED OUT IN A HURRY AND SHE LET HIM GO. A BADGER'S HIDE IS TOO TOUGH FOR COYOTE TEETH



IT DIDN'T TAKE TWO MINUTES FOR THE LONESOME, HUNGRY BABY AND THE LONESOME COYOTE MOTHER TO GET ACQUAINTED.



AFTER HE'D HAD HIS DINNER, SHE PICKED HIM UP GENTLY AND CARRIED HIM HOME TO HER DEN.



WHEN HER ADOPTED PUP WAS OLD ENOUGH TO EAT MEAT, SHE STARTED BRINGING HIM GOPHERS AND MICE.



AND A MONTH LATER SHE HELPED HIM CATCH HIS FIRST RABBIT.



ONCE WHEN HIS MOTHER WAS AWAY, THE YOUNG-
STER WENT RABBIT-HUNTING ON HIS OWN HOOK...



...AND FELL INTO A DEEP WASH, OR
"PERKIE" AS THE INJUNS CALL IT.



HE CLIMBED OUT ALL
DUSTY AND BREATHLESS,
TO FACE A BIG UGLY
HE-COYOTE THAT HATED
THE VERY SMELL OF A DOG.



THAT OLD PRAIRIE WOLF GRABBED HIM
AND LIKE TO SHAKEN THE LIFE OUT
OF HIM...



...IF THE PUP'S FOSTER MOTHER HADN'T
SHOWED UP IN THE NICK OF TIME.



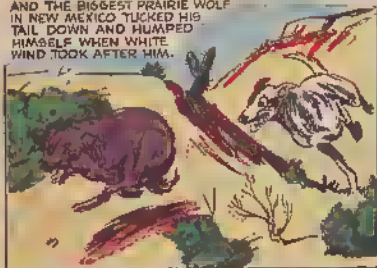
SHE MADE THAT WOLF WISH HE'D
BEEN BORN WITH WINGS.



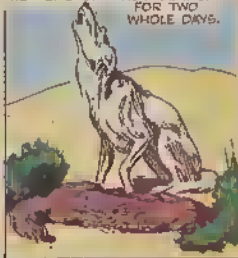
JUST A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE YOUNG WOLFHOUND WAS CATCHIN' JACK-RABBITS FOR HIS LITTLE COYOTE MOTHER.



AND THE BIGGEST PRAIRIE WOLF IN NEW MEXICO TUCKED HIS TAIL DOWN AND HUMPED HIMSELF WHEN WHITE WIND TOOK AFTER HIM.



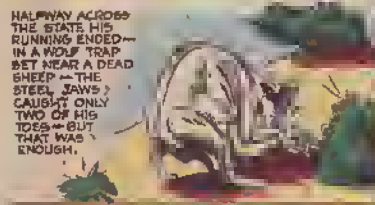
ONE DAY WHITE WIND FOUND HIS LITTLE COYOTE MOTHER STIFF AND COLD—POISONED BY A WOLF HUNTER'S BAIT. HE MOURNED FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS.



THEN HE LIT OUT TO FIND NEW HUNTING GROUNDS... MILES MEANT NOTHING TO HIS LONG, STRONG LEGS.



HALFWAY ACROSS THE STATE HIS RUNNING ENDED—IN A WOLF TRAP BET NEAR A DEAD SHEEP—THE STEEL JAWS CAUGHT ONLY TWO OF HIS TOES—BUT THAT WAS ENOUGH.



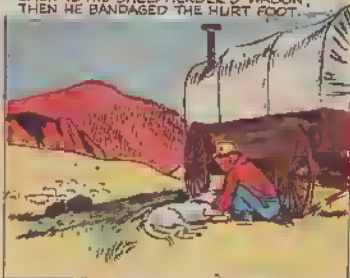
HE WAS HALF DEAD OF THIRST AND TOO WEAK TO STAND WHEN THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY FRAYNE FOUND HIM.



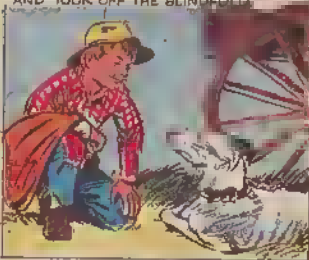
TOMMY CUT OFF THE TWO BAD TOES
AND WITH HIS JACKET WRAPPED
AROUND WHITE WIND'S HEAD SO
HE WOULDN'T BITE...



... CARRIED THE FEEBLY STRUGGLIN' DOG
BACK TO HIS SHEEPHERDER'S WAGON.
THEN HE BANDAGED THE HURT FOOT.



USIN' HIS BELT FOR A COLLAR,
TOMMY FRAYNE CHAINED HIS
WOLFHOUND TO A WAGON WHEEL,
AND TOOK OFF THE BLINDFOLD.



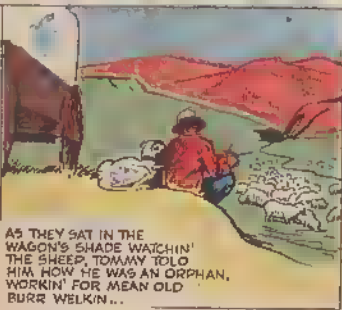
WHITE WIND NEVER DID UNDERSTAND THE
COLLAR AND CHAIN, BUT HE BEGAN TO
SAVVY THAT HIM AND THE BOY WAS
MEANT TO BE PARDNERS.



AND THE BIG, WILD DOG LOST ALL
HIS LONESOMENESS, LISTENIN' TO
TOMMY'S VOICE



AS THEY SAT IN THE
WAGON'S SHADE WATCHIN'
THE SHEEP, TOMMY TOLD
HIM HOW HE WAS AN ORPHAN,
WORKIN' FOR MEAN OLD
BURR WELKIN...



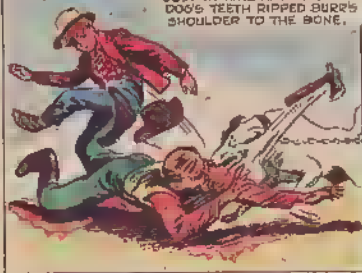
ONE DAY BURR WELKIN
RODE UP AND CAUGHT
TOMMY FEEDIN' HIS
PET... BURR WAS SO
MEAN, HE HATED TO
FEED HIMSELF....
LET ALONE A DOG.



HE GRABBED UP A HATCHET TO KILL
THE HOUND, THEN AND THERE...



...BUT TOMMY TRIPPED HIM
JUST IN TIME AND THE
DOG'S TEETH RIPPED BURR'S
SHOULDER TO THE BONE.



WELKIN CLIMBED ON TO HIS NOSS,
CUSSIN' A BLUE STREAK, AND
PROMISIN' TO COME BACK WITH
A GUN AND A WHIP.



WHEN BURR WAS GONE, TOMMY FRAYNE
TOOK OFF WHITE WIND'S COLLAR
AND SAID GOOD-BYE... HE KINDA
EXPECTED THE PUP TO HIGH-TAIL IT.



BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT THE
WOLF HOUND WAS TIED TO TOMMY
FRAYNE BY SOMETHIN' A LOT
STRONGER THAN ANY STEEL CHAIN.

SO TOMMY PUT THE LAST OF THEIR GRUB
IN A TIN LARD PAIL AND ROLLED UP HIS
ONLY BLANKET.



THAT NIGHT THEY FINISHED THE LAST
BEAN AND BISCUIT IN THE PAIL,
BESIDE A LITTLE CAMPFIRE.....



AT FIRST DAYLIGHT, TOMMY
WOKE UP TO FIND HIMSELF
ALONE...



BUT IT WASN'T
FOR LONG!
WHITE WIND CAME
BACK WITH A JACKRABBIT
FOR BREAKFAST... FROM THEN ON, TOMMY KNEW, THEY'D
NEVER NEED TO WORRY ABOUT GOIN' HUNGRY.

GO ON, CHARLIE!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO TOMMY AND
WHITE WIND
AFTER THAT?

PLENTY, PAT! BUT THERE'S
COTTONWOOD CREEK JUST
AHEAD OF US, SO I'LL
HAVE TO TELL THE
REST ANOTHER
TIME, I RECKON.



THEY HIT THE LONG TRAIL TOGETHER--
BOTH OF 'EM A LOT HAPPIER THAN
EVER BEFORE, AND WHITE WIND
BARELY LUMPIN' AT ALL ON HIS SORE FOOT.



.. AND WENT TO SLEEP UNDER THE OLD BLANKET.



PUTNAM'S CAVE

By Harriet
Smith
Hawley



There were once in this country many wolves. But the most famous was an enormous gray-black wolf that lived in Pamlet, Connecticut, where Israel Putnam had a farm.

This wolf was unusually large and unusually crafty. Winter after winter she would return to the farming village, apparently bent on destroying all the sheep in the valley. Sometimes she destroyed as many as seventy in one night. No hunter could ever get near her.

Yet, always she could be identified by the one short track she left in the soft snow. This was caused by the loss of toes on one foot—snapped off in a trap when she was young. That was a lesson she never forgot.

But Israel Putnam came to live in Pamlet, and he was not like the kind of young men to be beaten by a wolf, no matter how cunning and cruel. A strong athletic chap who had won many a prize in running and wrestling, he liked nothing better than a hot chase. So, one day, he called together five of his neighbors who were also mighty hunters.

"Now then," said he in his matter-of-fact way, "let's not be outwitted by this old wolf any longer. It's ridiculous for us to let her live on our sheep and goats every winter. I say we should go after her."

"But how?" someone objected. "Haven't we tried every winter for the last five years? She's always one jump ahead, yapping her contempt after we've chased her all night."

"I know," said Putnam, "but that isn't saving it. It can't be done. My plan is this. Here are six of us. We'll go out by turns in two's, and

not stop hunting until the wolf is out."

"We are with you," agreed the five, already under the spell of Putnam's daring leadership. "No rest for us until we've finished the job."

"I'll start the chase," continued Putnam, his eyes flashing, "with you, John. And we'll stop tonight."

So, after a good hot supper of pork and beans, topped off with apple dumplings, Putnam and his neighbor sallied forth, each with his long musket and his powder horn. At their heels leaped four hounds who seemed to sense an unusual adventure. Eagerly they sniffed the cold air, then put their noses to the ground.

The night was clear and crisp, but not too cold. There was wind, and moon enough to see tracks in the snow. The men walked briskly, their leather boots creaking as they stamped along into the woods.

Suddenly there was a wild baying, deep lusty baying that could mean only one thing.

"They've struck it," said Putnam. "That's Rudge in the lead. He's got the best nose of any dog in the pack."

"Yes, and it's the wolf we're after. See that short track?"

On flew the dogs. Their baying grew fainter as they took her trail due west.

"Bound for the Connecticut River," grunted John. "That's her old stunt—leads the dogs on for miles, then somewhere over there gives them the slip."

For ten miles the men tramped, following the direction of dogs and waves until not even the faintest echo of a bark could be

heard. The night air was sharp. The stars were bright.

"Might as well sit down for a spell," said Putnom. "Sometimes, sitting is worth as much as morehng. And if I know my dog, he isn't easily slipped. We'll hear from him before long, I guess."

So, under shelter of a stone wall on the south side of a hill, they sat down. They smoked their pipes and passed the time by telling tales of thrilling fox hunts. Putnom was right in the midst of telling how he had cornered a big red, when he stopped, jumped up and listened.

"Yes, sir, they are sending her back this way. That's a trick of old Rudge. Outrun 'em, edge round 'em and send 'em back-tracking. Maybe we'll get a shot at her here."

But it was not to be as easy as that. Long before the wall reached their side hill, they could figure by the baying dogs that she had veered several miles to the south.

"Guess this is where we wheel around, too," said Putnom. "It's now about midnight and it sounds to me as if they were moving back toward Putnret. Let's move back there. If the dogs haven't holed her by morning, Tim and Martin can take up the hunt."

But before they reached the town they were well aware something was happening. The dogs seemed to have gone wild. They were madly yelping as if rabid to one spot. Voices were shouting. Men running.

"The dog," cried John, "that's where she is!"

"The den!" Putnom walked on as if in seven league boots. "So that is where the errant old wolf has headed in." He knew that old cavern, three miles from his house. Once he had tried to explore it, but crouching hollow in, he had found the ground so slippery with ice that he had backed out again.

In their excitement, Putnom and his

neighbor John forgot that they had already been in pursuit for over fifteen hours. Quickly, they joined the other men gathered at the mouth of the cave. Every man of the village was there, with guns and bunches of straw, while the dogs yelped hopefully. But how to get the wolf was still the question.

Putnom took command. "First we'll try smoking her out. Ram the straw in the hole and light her up." The straw burned like tinder, and smoke boiled out, but no wolf emerged.

"Smoke isn't heavy enough," cried one farmer who was used to smoking oil heels. "Here's some sulphur. That ought to do the trick."

This time the men choked and whoozed from the burning sulphur fumes, but still there was no wolf.

"Can there be another opening?" asked a newcomer.

"No," said Putnom. "I've investigated this old den pretty carefully and I'm positive this is the only way in or out. If the wolf isn't to be smoked out, perhaps I can get Rudge to go in and drive her out."

Putnom whistled and Rudge came bounding. But when his master pointed to the small opening in the rocks, the big black-and-tan hound hesitated. This was not a dog's kind of hunting. Still he must obey. With head down he entered cautiously as the men cried, "Get her, Rudge. That's the dog. Go for her!"

But this black hole with an imprisoned wolf was too much for Rudge. Quickly he backed out, tail between his legs, nor would any amount of coaxing make him return.

Putnom, with a twinkle in his eye, turned to his black servant. "How about you, Jim?"

Jim started, rolled his eyes, and shook his head. "Me, Marsa, go in after that old wolf? No, Marsa, no, sir."

Putnom threw off his coat. "Then I'll go.





"Make me a birch torch, tie that old rope to my legs and I'll see for myself where the old varmint lurks." And although all the men protested, when Putnam was in a determined mood, it was no use to argue.

When ready, he gave instruction about the signal for pulling him out, gave the torch a flourish, got down on his hands and knees, and crept in through the two-foot square opening. For about fifteen feet, he crawled down the oblique slippery rock passage, nowhere high enough for a man to stand erect and only three feet wide. Walls of solid rock dropped moisture almost like rain, while the darkness was so black that the burning torch made only a dim circle of pale light.

After the oblique descent, Putnam remembered that there was a running horizontal strip of about ten feet. After that, what?

Slowly he proceeded until he could see by the light of his torch that the corridor passage began to ascend. This would be difficult. And how far would it go? Yet he knew no turning back. On he pulled himself until suddenly before him green eyeballs gleamed, and quick gnashing of teeth and a mighty growl sounded through the cave.

With decision Putnam pulled the rope as a signal, which was not needed, for the anxious group at the opening, hearing the terrifying growl, yanked the rope so rapidly that Putnam came out like a shot, his shirt stripped over his head and his forehead bruised.

"Well, boys, I've got the layout of the cave and know where she sits. Now to do the trick." And loading his gun with nine buck shot, clutching it in one hand and the torch in the other, he entered the cave a second time. Down the dark passageway again, listening, alert.

Putnam knew the wolf would be waiting for him. With her back to the wall, there she crouched, looking more fierce and terrible than he had imagined. Eyes rolling, teeth

snapping, she was ready to fight for her life. Putnam leveled his gun and fired before she could spring.

The noise in the narrow passage was deafening. Outside, the frightened men once again pulled on the rope that was tied firmly around Putnam's legs. And again out he came, this time stunned with the kick of the musket and almost suffocated with the powder smoke.

"Did you get her?" they cried.

"Once more to find out," he replied grimly as he straightened up to breathe out the smoke. "Make fast the rope for the last trip."

In he crawled for the third time, slowly and painfully, into the dark cold den. On he crawled to the end of the cave where the great wolf was lying very still.

Was she really killed or was she cleverly making believe? Cautiously he applied the torch to her nose. She did not move. The musket had done its work. Triumphant he gave the signal on the rope and was pulled out, dragging the wolf with him, that great gray-black wolf that for so many years had been the terror of Pamlet.

"Three cheers for Israel Putnam!" cried the crowd as each one pressed forward to see the wolf. "Nothing can beat him!"

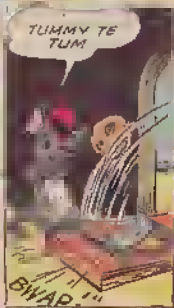
And they knew not that within a few years the Army of the Revolution would be cheering Pamlet's former foe General Putnam, hero of many battles and friend of Washington.

Putnam's Cave, now known as Wolf Den, is still in existence. It is located in what is now a state park, in the town of Pamlet, Connecticut.

Nibble



by
WALT KELLY



HMM—NOW TO
SAVOR ITS TANGY
GOODNESS

MUNCH.
MUNCH—

PTODIE! STALE
CHEESE! BY JOE,
THAT'S THE LAST
STRAW!

IMAGINE BAITING
A TRAP WITH
STALE CHEESE

WHAT KIND OF A MOUSE
DO THEY EXPECT TO
CATCH WITH STALE
CHEESE?

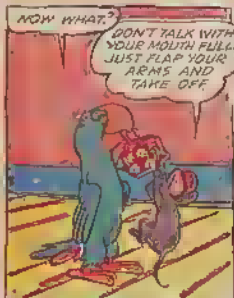
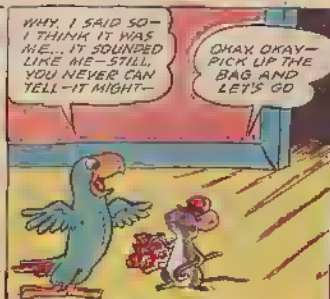
HMM—MICE!

THAT'S ANOTHER THING
THE PLACE IS OVERRUN
WITH RODENTS—WELL
I'LL JUST TAKE MY
BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.

I'VE BEEN HERE
TOO LONG, ANYWAY

WHERE YOU GOIN', SHORTY?

I'M ON MY WAY TO
FAME, FORTUNE,
AND BETTER
FOOD



YOU DIDN'T GET THE IDEA AT ALL—WHY DIDN'T YOU FLY OUT THE DOOR WITH ME AND THE BAG?



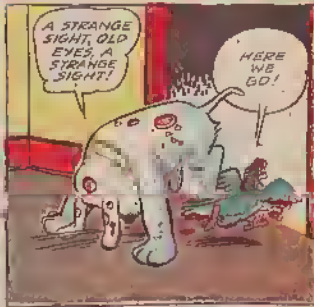
NOW WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN... GET A RUNNING START AND FLY OUT THE WINDOW

GOOD!



CLEAR THE RUNWAY! WE'RE GETTIN' UP AIR SPEED

BLIMEY!

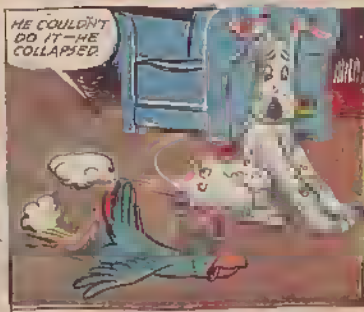


A STRANGE SIGHT, OLD EYES, A STRANGE SIGHT!

HERE WE GO!



GO AWAY!



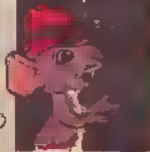
HE COULDN'T DO IT—HE COLLAPSED

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'M IN CHARGE HERE,
YOU KNOW, WHEN THE
FAMILY IS AWAY

OH—SO YOU'RE
IN CHARGE
TODAY? THAT'S
DIFFERENT



WE WERE THINKING
OF LEAVING, BUT
WITH A STOUT-
HEARTED FELLOW
LIKE YOU IN
CHARGE WE
FEEL MUCH
SAFER



YES, I GUESS IT IS
PRETTY COMFORTING
TO HAVE ME AROUND—
BUT WHY WERE YOU
LEAVING?



WELL, YOU SEE, WE
SAW THIS HORRIBLE
CREATURE SNEAKING
AROUND—IT HAD GREEN
EYES AND RED HAIR
AND IT BREATHED
FIRE!

FIRE?



IT KEPT HOLLERING
"ROAST BEEF,
ROAST BEEF,
ROAST BEEF!"



ONCE IN A WHILE
IT SAID "JUICY
HAM BONE,
JUICY HAM
BONE!"

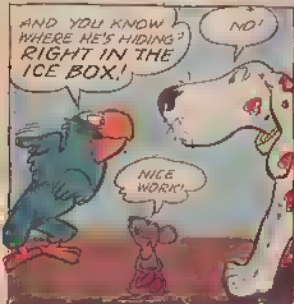
MMM...



AND YOU KNOW
WHERE HE'S HIDING?
RIGHT IN THE
ICE BOX!

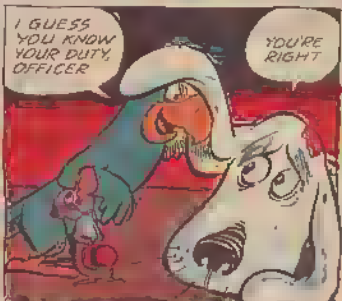
NO!

NICE
WORK!



I GUESS
YOU KNOW
YOUR DUTY,
OFFICER

YOU'RE
RIGHT



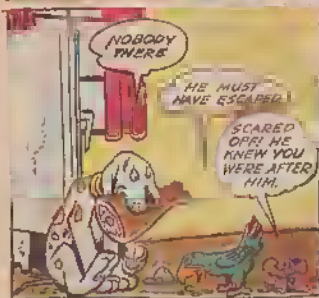


BREATHING FIRE
ON THE ROAST
BEEF, EH?



GRRR
GROWL
GROWL

GOLLY!
MAYBE HE
DID FIND
SOMEBODY!!



NOBODY
THERE

HE MUST
HAVE ESCAPED

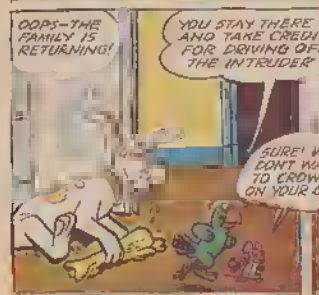
SCARED
OFF! HE
KNEW YOU
WERE AFTER
HIM.



YES--EVERY
FAMILY SHOULD
HAVE A TRUE,
LOYAL, COURAGEOUS
WATCH DOG.

WATCH DOGS
ARE NOBLE,
TOO.

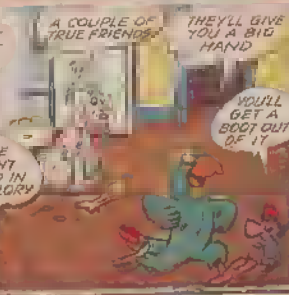
OLD
DOG
TRAY...



OOPS--THE
FAMILY IS
RETURNING!

YOU STAY THERE
AND TAKE CREDIT
FOR DRIVING OFF
THE INTRUDER

SURE! WE
DON'T WANT
TO CROWD IN
ON YOUR GLORY



A COUPLE OF
TRUE FRIENDS

THEY'LL GIVE
YOU A BIG
HAND

YOU'LL
GET A
BOOT OUT
OF IT

UNCLE WIGGILY

OOOH!
FIRECRACKERS!

WIGGILY
LONGEARS!
YOUR VEST
BUTTONS!

YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF YOUR-
SELF - GETTING SO
FAT THAT YOU
BURST OUT OF
YOUR CLOTHES!

ER-AHEM! I SUPPOSE
I OUGHT TO TAKE A
LITTLE EXERCISE.

©1978, 1987 BY HOWARD CHASE

I'LL TRY A LITTLE BOATING TRIP
ON THE RIVER TO START
WITH.

UNCLE
WIGGILY!
UNCLE WIGGILY!
CAN WE GO TOO?

TWO MORE WILL MAKE
THE ROWING THAT
MUCH HARDER...

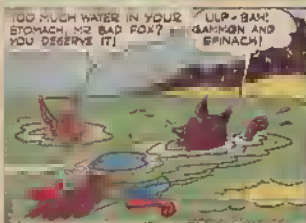
BUT IT'S ALL THE BETTER
FOR YOUR WAISTLINE,
UNCLE WIGGILY.

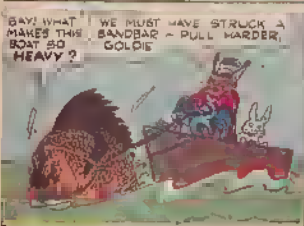
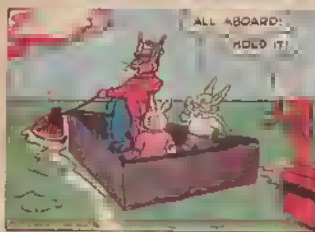
THE BOAT -
IT'S GONE! SOME BAD ANIMAL
MUST HAVE STOLEN
IT, UNCLE
WIGGILY!

THERE IT IS!
THE BAD
:OK HAS IT!

HELP!

BLUB!

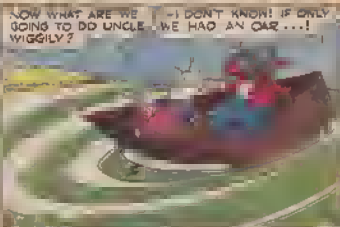




WE MUST HAVE STRUCK A
SANDBAR - PULL HARDER,
GOLDIE



HEE-HEE!



SEE, UNCLE WIGGILY, THERE'S
A DOCK AHEAD OF US!



QUICK! PADDLE ON THIS SIDE,
EVERYBODY--SO WE CAN LAND!



WHO DO YOU THINK
LIVES HERE, 'WAY
UNDER GROUND,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

NBODDY THAT
WE'D LIKE TO
KNOW, I'M AFRAID!



THE POINT IS--WE
CAN'T GO BACK, SO
WE'VE GOT TO
GO AHEAD



OH, UNCLE W-WIGGILY! PERHAPS
IT MIGHT BE B-BETTER TO
GO BACK AFTER ALL!

JUST WHAT
I'M THINKING
SUBIE.



YOU DIDN'T THINK SOON
ENOUGH, UNCLE WIGGILY!

OH-OH-OH!

EEEECK! THE
SKEEZICKS!



AND SO WE HAVE A
FINE RABBIT POTPLE
ON THE HOOP! HEERYUK!
HEERYUK!

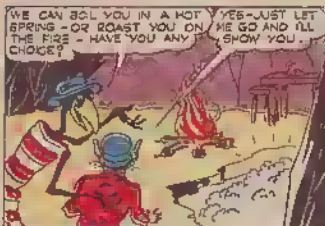
PRID BABY BUNNY
IS MORE TO MY
TASTE!





WHA-WHAT PLACE IS THIS?

NATURE'S KITCHEN, UNCLE WIGGLY.



WE CAN BOIL YOU IN A HOT SPRING - OR ROAST YOU ON THE FIRE - HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE?

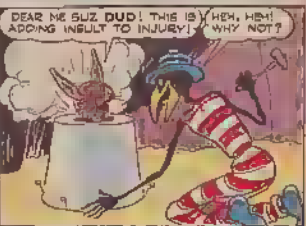
YES - JUST LET ME GO AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



HAW, HAW, HAW! LET YOU GO, EH? YOU'RE A WISE OLD RABBIT, AND A TOUGH ONE!



I'LL PUT YOU IN THE STEAMER TO GET TENDER BEFORE I ROAST YOU!



DEAR ME SUZ DUD! THIS IS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!

HEH, HEH! WHY NOT?



THOSE LITTLE BUNNIES WON'T TAKE LONG TO COOK. WE'LL BOIL THEM FIRST, PIP!

NOW WE WON'T!! I'M GOING TO ROLL THEM IN DOUGH, AND FRY 'EM IN DEEP FAT.



YOU'RE CRAZY, PIP! ANYTHING AS TENDER AS THEY ARE - MUST BE BOILED.

WHO SAYS SO?

THE RECIPE BOOK SAYS SO - AND I SAY
SO TOO! YOU'VE GOTTA BOIL THEM!



YOU AND YOUR OLD RECIPE BOOK! YOU
MAKE ME TIRED.



TAKE THAT - YOU WANT HOG!



THAT HURT -
SEE HOW YOU
LIKE IT -



YOW! WHACK! BUMP! MY WORD! IT'S ALMOST
WORTH BEING COOKED
TO SEE THAT!

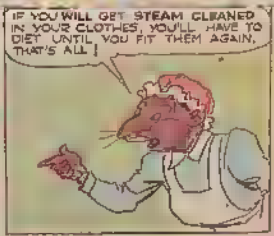


QUICK, NOW, BUBBLE AND SAMMIE! WE
MUST FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THEY RETURN



UNCLE WIGGILY... LOOK!
THEY'RE COMING BACK!







Warren W. Nickspeiden, New York

"Baby," a 150-pound St. Bernard and his young master, who entered him in a kids' pet show held in Staten Island, New York. "Baby" and Buddy took first prize as most unusual combination of pet and owner. (The number 39 refers to his pet show number.)

UNCLE WIGGILY

